PITTSBURG,

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

Nor Want Abides.

Bruin and the Bare Spot.

When snow had covered deep the ground, A bear by snow-shoed sport was found

There Brain slept. He'd long to wait,

Harrano snow-shoes to go thence,

Upon a rocky eminence,

Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.1

A POOR MAN'S PALACE NIGHT IN THE PALACE.

How Besant's Dream Was Realized in East London.

LIFE IN THE JOYLESS CITY

Brightened and Elevated by a Temple of Music and Art



changes as does the Boston iconoclast. But to that other portion of the people who, while recognizing and deploring existing evils, do not expect human nature

edge that the cardinal feature in Besant's

don. It is the home of

A THOUSAND SMALL INDUSTRIES.

Here is furniture making, gold beating,

glass blowing, cigar and cigarette making

handloom weaving, match and matenbox making, brewing, tanning, sugar making,

jam making, chemical manufactures, comb making, mat making, walking stick

the smaller to six or a dozen, or sometim

carried on by individuals. Much of the work is done at the homes of the toller. Competition is keen, the smallness of the establishments and the diversity of indus-

tries prevent combination of the workers, and cheapness is gained at the expense of

owers, is completed, it will be one of the relitectural sights of London.

Night is, of course, the time to visit it, for then those for whom it was designed are there enjoying its pleasures. At 9 o'clock the scene is at its best. A penny admits us to the courtyard, which is thronged with vonng people lissening to the Palace band discourse popular airs, and scores of couples walts around on the smooth asphalt in unchecked gayety. Threading our way through the merry crowd, we enter the Queen's Hall, a magnificent suditorium 130 feet long, 75 feet wide and 60 feet high from the floor to the center of the roof. Around it are the statues of 23 queens, while throned above the entrance, Victoria, in robes and crown, scepter in hand, gazes with marble smile upon her humble subjects.

POPULAR CONCERTS IN ENGLAND

IN Impossible Story.
This is what Walter
Besant calls his
novel, "All Sorts
and Conditions of
Men." To those
easy-going people
who are disposed to
accept thingsas they
are merely because
they are, and to be
lieve that because
ocrtain conditions
always, have been
an impossible one.
To those social optimists whose latest
fad is the doctrines enunciated in "Looking
Backward," and who find it no trouble to
believe that in the year of grace 2000, society will be constituted and run on the
Bellamy model, Besant's impossible story
should seem very possible, for it certainly
does not propose to inaugurate such radical
obanges as does the Boston iconoclast. But
to that other portion of the people who,

ers are employed. During each term some of the most distinguished men in London lecture on their specialties before the classes. In addition to these night classes, there is a course of day instruction which is largely

attended.

But it must not be supposed that it is "all work and no play" at the People's Palace. There are amusements on every hand. The concerts in the Queen's hall, the gymnasium and the swimming baths have been spoken of, but these do not cover all the entertainments. There are shooting galleries, ball and bowling alleys, billiard rooms, flying horses, switchback railways, peep shows, punch and judy, tennis courts, and each has its crowd of attendants.

CLUBS GALORE.

There are the People's Palace Chess Club, Cricket Club, Choral Society, Volunteer Fire Brigade, Rambling Club, Military Band, Debating Society, Dramatic Society, Minstrel Troupe and Literary Society, the president of the latter being Walter Besant.

This is the People's Palace and its work. During the first year after its opening, over a million people availed themselves of its



"Hem a Bit of a Singer Myself !"

pleasures and privileges, and the attendance constantly increases. On the evening of our visit fully 5,000 people were present, and a more pleasant, cheerful, orderly gathering it was never our iortune to see. Cares seemed forgotten, troubles left behind, bickerings and jealousies and strifes ended for the nonce. All appeared bent on pleasure and improvement. Success to the People's Palacel It is an oasis in the desert of toil. It is a breathing place for those whose lives must be spent in pent-up tenement houses. It imparts new life and hope and spirit to hearts cast down with many cares. It eases the burdens on weary backs. "To it the lonely, the ignorant and the joyless may cone and find delights beyond their hope."

As the Student of the great labor question sees its towers rising from the ugliness of the "joyless city," a strong fortress against ignorance and vice and crime and degradation, and a beacon of promise to its toiling denisens, teaching them to live and not merely to exist, he takes heart and hope and cries out with Lowell:

"Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overnlung of might.

"Surely the wiser time shall come When this fine overplus of might, No longer sullen, slow and dumb, Shall leap to music and to light.

"In that new childhood of the world
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk weins be
hurled,
And labor meet delight half way."

HENRY HALL. AN OLD-TIME BUNKO GAME.

How London Sharps Swindled Countrymen Over 76 Years Ago.

An English writer said in 1816: Money droppers are no other than gamblers who contrive that method to begin play. It is an almost obsolete practice, and its twin cheat, ring dropping, not less disused. "What is this?" says the dropper. "My wiggyl if this is not a leather purse with money! this is not a leather purse with money!

Hal hal hal Let's have a look at it."

While he unfolds its contents his companion comes up and claims a title to a share. "Not you, indeed!" replies the finder; "this gentleman was next to me, was not you, sir?"

To which the countryman assenting, or, perhaps, insisting upon his priority, the finder declares himself no churl in the business, offers to divide it into three parts, and points out a public house at which they points out a public house at which they may share the contents and drink over their

good luck, etc. The found money is counterfelt, or screens or else Fleet notes. They drink. An old friend comes in, whom the finder can barely recognize, but remembers him by piecemeal. La bagatelle, the draught-board, or cards, exhibit the means of staking the easily-acquired property, so lately found, but which they cannot divide just found, but which they cannot divide just now, for want of change. The countryman bets, and if he loses, is called on to pay; if he wins it is added to what is coming to him out of the purse. If, after an experiment or two, they discover he has little or no money, they run off and leave him to answer for the reckoning.

ARE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN HAPPIEST? A Gifted Writer Answers the Question in the Negative.

Anna Katherine Green writes in the Ladies' Home Journal: In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as human nature. Now, are those women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to.

While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by, they have acquired through the force, the swectness, or originality of their character, the appreciation of those

their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happi ness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame.



Dicky Doodleblaks (to Dotty Doo

DAYS OF COURTSHIP.

Lovers and Their Lassies.

Pertinent Facis for loung Women Who

Are in Love to Remember.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The advice of Solon to a young girl who

delightful people—lovers—I will very diffidently give one or two hints which have occurred to me as of possible value to some
girl whose lover happens to be away on a
journey, and who may be willing to pass
the time, which she would prefer to pass in
his society, in reading these modest suggestions.

To such a one I would say: Let frankness
and reserve be your two watchwords.

Courtahip is the gay novitiate to sober
marriage, but it must be always remembered
that it is a testing of each other's natures, a
trial of characters, which sometimes at the
last moment do not stand the test, are
last moment do not stand the test, are
loud the sting of sharp words given and returned.

I have said a word about long engagements, which are, I think, always to be
avoided, except—and this is the most important exception—where Harrietand Horace
are almost strangers to each other. A year
is then not too long in which to learn each
other's characteristies. It is a good thing to
know how the different seasons affect Horace.
He may be gentle in June and flerce in
February. If our lovers know each other
well, then the sooner they marry the better,
in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred.
Do not be afraid of beginning housekeeping
on a small income. Horace will learn to
make it a larger one all the sooner with
Harriet by his side, and Harriet will be
none the worse for learning the lessons of

mind.

There is so much of what is called "innocent flirtation" between young people in this country, that an unsophisticated girl thrown in the society of a young man given to paying attentions without intentious to the most attractive young girl on the social horizon, may sometimes be deceived by such a light swain, and mistake for serious courtship what is only meant for a pleasant passing of the time. I think this is not often the case, for a woman's instinct almost infallibly tells her with what end a man persistently seeks her society; still, it does sometimes happen that a very young girl fancies she is being courted, when, in point of fact, she is only being trifled with.

MAIDENLY RESERVE. MAIDENLY RESERVE.

It is as well for a girl to bear this in mind, and not to weat her heart in her sleeve, and not to weath heart in her sleeve, and the chase, and the thing that has cost us the greatest effort to secure is valued accordingly.

Until you have reason to believe that your love is being sought, no matter how much won may care for a man, do not let him know it. If he really wants your love he will not fear to risk a refusal. The man who keeps his attentions to you a secret, who is not willing that the whole world should know be is your suitor, does not deserve to win you. If his vanity is stronger than his love let him pass by; he is no true lover. Oriando wanted all the dwellers in the forest of Arden to know the secret of his love for Rosalind, so he hung verses on the trees of the wood praising her virtues and beauty; every woman prefers an honest Orlando who, whether his love is crowned with happiness or not, is willing all the world should know that he loves her and has chosen her for his own.

The books of etiquette give rules of behavior for lovers which may be of use to some people; but the best rule is in your own finer instinct.

So much for reserve.

Now for frankness.

in play. It is an distinct.

So much for reserve.

So much for reserve.

Now for frankness.

If you are going to marry for love, for the sake of your future happiness be trank with your sulfor and with your betrothed. If you tears of gladness were raining down our

that girl-angels have plenty of faults If they did not, would they be fit mates for him and his kind forsooth?

abominable temper, whose lover tested her patience by bringing her each day a tangled skein to wind. The task was always accomskein to wind. The task was always accomplished with the greatest sweetness. After they were married our Petruchio found he had wedded a sirrew.

"How was it possible that you could have had so much patience with those tangled skeins?" he asked his wife.

For answer she led him out into the hall,

"Well, I came out and bit the banisters!"
Now, girls, do not bite the banisters; take
my word for it, it's a very had plan. Be
frank and natural, and let him see you as
you are, faults and all. Not that you are to
sit down under the burden of your shortcomings, and say, "I am cross, or jealous,
or lazy, or disorderly, and you have got to
make the best of it." Never, if we live to
be s hundred years old, can we afford to
take that point of view.

We speak of the battle of life—the battle
is mainly with our own shortcomings. I

is mainly with our own shortcomings. I cannot give you the advice of Hamlet, "Assume a virtue if you have it not;" but try in all ways to cultivate the virtues, and to trim down the faults in the garden of your

I know no quality which is more im be stronger to conquer those troublesome weeds of vanity, selfishness or indirection. If the couruship is successful, and the time of probation is to be long, which is in itself a thing to be avoided, I should advise our a thing to be avoided, I should advise our young girl (the one whose lover is away on a journey, and who is reading this advice of mine without much idea of following it), to devote some time of every day to the house-

HELP YOURSELF.

The woman of my acquaintance who has accomplished more than any other in her life has for her motto these words: "It you want a thing done, you must do it yourself." I take this to have, first, a literal meaning, and, besides, a second, broader significance. If there is something that is of great importance to be attended to, there is no way so sure as to do it yourself. We must never think that other people will take more trouble for us than we will take for ourtrouble for us than we will take for ourselves, for this is very, very rarely the case.

The second significance of this most wise
device is that if you want anything well
done, you must be able to do it yourself.

If you know how to make bread and your
cook knows that you know the difference
between well and badly baked bread, you
stand a better chance of always having
cood bread.

good bread.

The same is true of pie-crust, soup and course. Though this advice may be somewhat premature, I wish to lay certain stress on the matter of coffee—that hugo rock on which so many domestic barks are wrecked. No matter how magnanimous a man may be here is one thing he cannot forgive the roman he loves, and that is a cup of bad office. Whatever else is beyond your reach, nood coffice is not; any woman can give her maband a gup of good coffice for breakfast

who is willing to take a little trouble about it.

But to return to courtship. Beware how you exhibit your captive to your friends until you are quite sure that the fetters are fast about him; keep your own counsel about attentions which may lead to nothing. This does not apply to your father, mother, sister, or to any member of your immediate faully who has a personal interest in your affairs, but to the half-dozen intimate girl friends who will be quick enough to spy out your secret without your confiding it to them; silence is golden, indeed, in such matters.

TWO ANNUAL COMMENCEMENTS BY A FORTUNE SEEKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE AND MARIAN WHITE.

The ethical portions of this story are specially contributed by Dr. Talmage. The plot and

CHAPTER I. ABEL MAYNE'S HOLIDAY VACATION.



fastened. That street has seen the corona-tion and the burial of ten thousand fortunes. The abode of just the opposites—unswerving integrity and tip-top scoundrelism. Heaven-descended charity and bloodless Shylockism. The present story shall tell of one Wall street man's commencements of the New Year's of 1880 and 1889.

The man's name was Abel Mayne, and he was a clerk in a broker's office. At the age of 50 he was seemingly no nearer to that millionairism which all Wall street men aim at than he had been at 25, when he first entered the district of Manmon. During over his own failure of enrichment to be happy with his fair measure of success. On the day before Christmas in 1880, he quitted his desk for ten days, for he had secured so much of a holiday vacation as was involved in an easy and leisurely errand in New Orleans for the firm which employed him.

deakmate, as they were making ready to leave the office.

"Thanks, and the same to you," was the cheery response of William Morris. "As for me, I'm pretty sure of them. I am so chock full of holiday feelings—what with Christmas trees, New Year's calls and lots of things—that I'll be as far away from Wall street as you'll be, even if I do spend the week here at the desk."

"You've a fortunate disposition, Morris, Now, my mind will be struggling here though my body will be down in Dixie."

"I trust you're not in the sort of bother

right, and he tailed at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that semething had been mis-appropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. He knew if he could not fix the matter before the end of the year he would go into disgrace and into banishment from the establishment. He came over here very early, before there was anybody in the place and he knelt down at the deak and said:

'Oh, Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be one tight! Help me to-day—help me this morning! Then he arose, and hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. That's what will make Dickson's Christmas

"O, of course, it is a good thing to keep your work for other folks straight, but as for me I can't get a merry Christmas until I've got some prosperous figures of my own to puzzle over."

much fashionableness and some eccentricity.
For several years her physician had feared lung trouble for her, and had tried to induce her to go to the South for the winters, but she had stubbornly refused to leave the life of New York in its gayest season. Finally he had in despair told her that she would not live until spring unless she fied from the Northern climate. So now she set out for Florida. The servant bestowed her carefully in her exclusive compartment, and then went out to see to some details of baggage. When she boarded the train again, at the warning of the steam whistle, she entered a car belonging to the first of the halves into which the train had been divided, and by that mischance was started away from her charge, who was in the later section. Mrs. Blakely knew nothing of the sectident as yet, and soon her own car was rolling along at full speed. In her excessive fatigue, the invalid fell asleep, and when she awoke at the end of an hour, and supposed that she had only dozed a few minutes. Therefore the absence of the servant did not disquiet her at once, but after waiting a while she became alarmed. The porter tapped on the door, and entered to light the lamp, for darkness had failen.

"My girl, Nancy—do you know where she is?" the woman querulously asked. The man did not know Nancy from any other young woman. But he conjectured that she had been separated from her mistress by the division of the train. He explained that there would be a reunion at Philadelphia within an hour.

tress by the division of the train. He explained that there would be a reunion at Philadelphia within an hour.

Left alone, Mrs. Blakely took the idea to count the money which she had exchanged into bills at the last moment, She opened her traveling bag, and emptied the criap new paper into her lap along with some coins, which had been provided for convenience of expenditure along the route. All at once a draught of air struck her face. In her surprise she looked up. The door had come open. She frantically seized a shawl, threw it over the money lying on her lap as a man appeared. She was ready to tain in her terror. This man must surely have seen her in the act of counting her money, and he had come to rob her. Panting for breath and with face drawn and haggard, he watched her, preparing, she thought, to leap upon her. Incapable of opening her lips, but hearing her heart beat and her ears ring, she sat in abject terror. In a hasty, unconscious move-

Incapaque of opening ner lips, but hearing her heart beat and her ears ring, she sat in abject terror. In a hasty, unconscious movement her knees drew nearer together, and the coins began to roll to the floor like rainwater from a gutter-pipe. The man stared in surprise at this stream of silver, and then bent forward as if to pick it up. In her fright the woman started up, throwing all her wealth to the ground, and hastened toward the door. But the man saw her intention, sprang forward, and, grasping her firmly by the arm, forced her back into her seat. Then he shut and locked the door.

"Listen to me, madan," he said, "I don't want to rob you, and to prove it I will pick up all that meney and hand it back to you. But I am a lost man it you do not let ne stay here. I can tell you nothing more. Without your aid I shall be lost."

Then throwing himself upon his knees he picked up the coins upon the fisor, searching even for those that had rolled to the most cistant corners and restoring some notes that had fallen. When the small leather bag was again filled, he returned it to its owner. The amount was \$5,000.

"I am a fugitive from the law," he said.

to its owner. The amount was \$5,000.
"I am a fugitive from the law," he sa "An officer is on the train to capture me. He will not be likely to enter your compartment. If you will let me stay until we reach Philadelphia my danger will be passed. Will you?"

Mrs. Blakeloy's silence, which he con-strued as assent, was due to exhaustion. She was no more able to utter "no" than a "yes." There came a rap at the door.
"What do you want in there?" they
heard the porter say outside. "A rich lady
is alone in that section."
"Then my man can't be there," was the

sponse of another man, and he passed Mrs. Blakely lay back in her couch-like

chair, silent and motionless. She was still weak from terror, but gradually recovered her composure. As to the man, he sat bolt upright, staring straight ahead with the



rigidity and pallor of a corpse. From time to time she glanced toward him. He was about 20, extremely handsome, and with all the appearance of a gentleman.

The train hastened on, sending out through the darkness its shrill cries, sometimes also keeping its appeal and again startings.

through the darkness its shrill cries, some-times slackening its speed and again start-ing swiftly forward. At last its pace mod-erated, several whisties sounded, and every-thing came to a stand-still. Camden, across the river from Philadelphia, had been reached.

been resched.

"I am more grateful to you than I 'can tell," the young man said. "Good-night."

He slipped out of the room, and Mrs. Blakely saw no more of him. Her aid had been passive, yet she could not convince herself that he was a guilty runaway, and so she was not sorry that she had helped him.

Here Nancy restored herself to her mistress, and that had scarcely been accomplished before Mrs. Blakely encountered a slight acquaintance in Abel Mayne. It chanced that she had an account at his employers' banking office and he had witnessed the exchange of other accurities into the notes and aliver for her journey. He had heard the cashier advise her to take a draft on a Florida bank, instead, and carry only cash enough to meet the requirements of the journey; but she had obdurately insisted upon her less safe method. The cashier had privately remarked to his comrades, after she had gone: "I don't know that it would matter if she lost it, for she has plenty, and I'm told she is without a relative in the world to leave her fortune to."

In passing the door of Mrs. Blakely's car room, just as Nancy was holding it open, Mayne saw ber.

"Will you come in, sir?" she, called, recognizing his face. "I have had an adventure with the money I drew from your office."

Then she told him of the young stranger's intrusion, and he counseled her to keep the trasture Garolpily 241 of sight during the large of which is a certificate of the street with a cent in his pookes, in the function, and he counseled her to keep the trasture of Governments with a cent in his pookes, in the function, and he counseled her to keep the trasture of the dark of the function of the dark of the function of the dark of the street with a cent in his pookes, in the function, and he counseled her to keep the trasture of the function of the dark of the function of the street with a cent in his pookes, in the function of the dark of the function of the function of the dark of the function of the dark of the function of the function o

remainder of the trip. He assured her, too, that he would ride in the same train, most of the way, and that he would be glad to keep a defensive oversight. By this time they were in the Phila-leiphia station. She peered out through the window into what was suddenly changed from darkness into a lighted enclosure. "There—there!" she cried. "That is the

man."

The fugitive was skulking in the shadow of a post, with his eyes fixed on the window. Mayne recognized him as Lloyd Dickson, the same Dickson, bank clerk, of whom William Morris had that afternoon spoken as having been distracted by a supposed deficit. The exhausted Mrs. Blakely was too weak to be further talked to, and Mayne left her in the attentive care of Nancy, while he went hurriedly to Dickson. At



the same instant a stalwart man laid a hand

make no trouble." "What is the matter, Dickson?" Mayne

"I'm a defaulter-that's all," was the

said of her lamily isolation was true; of the singular circumstances which had made the innocent Dickson seem a feeing criminal; and he was still awake when the porter torched him.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the porter: "but



the lady I saw you with is very sick.

that he might take the \$5,000 in safety. "Go and fetch the porter," he said to She obeyed, leaving him slone for two or

three minutes with the dead woman.
Later, when the hand-hay was opened, not a dollar was in it

CHAPTER IL

Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the city clock the year 1879 fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It was in New Orleans that Abel Mayne neard the midnight bell. He thrust his hand under the pillow and felt that the \$5,000 were there, as he had done many times during each of the nights of the week that the money had been in his possess. week that the money had been in his possession. He repeated to his accusing conscience the quieting argument that he had solen the money from nobody, because its owner was dead, and she had left no heir. Then he fell to planning speculations with this capital, and so scheming fell asleep.

Next morning his desk mate, William Morris, arrived at the hotel, to help through the business on which he had been can South, and which had proved more important than had been expected. So he had companionship for New Year's Day, which in New Orleans is very feative for the resident, but not social for a lone stranger. They had dinner together, and they talked of their prospects for the just commenced year.

"There are many men," Morriaremarked "who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say 'The year was wasted.' Why Made no money. Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money as though it had no value. It may represent refusement and education and ten thousans blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds your children hunger. It is the lighting of the formath that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care an anxiety. It is the carrying out at last conditions to decent sepulture, and the putting me you to decent sepulture, and the putting of the slab on which is chiselled the story your Christian hope. It is simply hypotrathis tirade in pulpit and lecture half again

Mayne responded, deriving more countries that their utterer imagina. "I mean to get rich yet, see if I don't."
"Has somehody expitalized you, Abai "Yes—no—that is, Wall, I have see



accuetimes in but one. Social gatherings are out of the question. The pavilion theater and one concert hall are about the only places of amusement in Whitechapel. The

Burely nowhere in the world was there a wider field for practical philanthropy than in East Lendon. Nor has it been neglected, for, from the seed sown by Walter Besant, in the "Palace of Delight," which, in his novel, he puts into the heart of Angela Messenger, the heiress, to erect, has sprung the palatial building called the People's

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE IN MAST LONDON to be changed and society trans-formed by some mysterious process, and who are glad to note any step toward improve-"Hi wish hi could sing like that, Hann,"

said one. "When hi were a gell hi could sing a bit, but now, bless yer, hi can't sing no more nor a sparret."
"No more could she, Sary," replied Ann, dream, the "Palace of Delight," that grand and beautiful gathering place for the poor, the tired, the sad, the heart-hungry of that

"No more could she, Sary," replied Ann,
"hif she'd 'a 'ad your Willum and height
kids to look arter. Still I like to 'ear 'er."
"Yes," said "Sary," with a sigh. "It
makes one forget one's troubles for a bit."
Surely if the Palace of Delight makes its
citizens forget their troubles for a time it is
accomplishing its work. great hive of industry, East London, has had its partial, if not complete, realisation in had its partial, if not complete, realisation in
the People's Palace, a magnificent structure
facing the Mile End road, and which was
opened to the public by Queen Victoria in
her jubilee year of 1887.

"The Joyless City" is the name that has
been given to East London. It includes
Whitechapel, Mile End Road, Stepney
Bow, Shadwell and the adjoining districts
Nearly two millions of people inhabit East
Version It is the homes. THE ONE-EVED CRITIC.

A gentleman with a black patch over his left eye and who, like Iago, is "nothing if not critical," does not join in praising the songstress, saying: "She does well enough for them as likes 'er, but hi don't. 'Er voice is fair, honly fair, and she can't andle it properly. Hit hall depends on the way a voice is 'andled. Now, you 'ad hought to 'ear Rose Nichols. There's a voice for you! And 'ow she can 'andle it! Is it hup? Hup she goes. Is it down? Down it goes, till you'd think she'd dropped it."

We express a polite regret at not having heard this vocal paragon, and he modestly

heard this vocal paragon, and he modestly making, feather dressing, pewterers, cork cutters, workers in sealing wax, shellac and sine, and numberless others—the larger industries furnishing employment to a score or a hundred hands in single establishments, "Hi 'm a bit of a singer myself, but hi've just got hout the London 'Ospital, where hi 've been for six weeks. Hi lost my heye,

and since then when hi sing it makes my 'ead hache."

We had heard singing which affected the hearers that same way, but his case seemed a unique one, and changing the subject we asked him if the Palace had proved the benefit to the people its proprietors intended it to be. It was a pleasure to hear him answer heartly that it had, that it was steadily growing in favor, and was in every way a power for good. Nor was he the only one who bore willing testimony to its suc-

cess. All with whom we spoke were instant in its praises. "We 'ad the hold gell hout to hopen for us," he said, with a backward nod in the direction of Her Majesty's statue. "She's a pretty good queen, isn't she?"
we ask. After a retrospective pause, which
seems to take them all in from Boadicea
down to Anne, he replies:

"We've 'ad wosa." Leaving the Queen's Hall we enter a large temporary building, where is being held a representative exhibition of the in-dustries and manufactures of East London, the exhibits being the work of the pupils of the technical schools of the Palace. It was an exhibition in itself. The skill displayed was remarkable, nor were there wanting evidences of a higher culture, for the paintings, water colors, etchings, brass work and other art and decorative exhibits showed no ordinary talent.

THE GYMNASIUM AND LIBRARY.

In the immense gymnasium the Palace "He was Hi Could Sing Like That, Hann!"

ness of bricks and mortar, remote from parks, gardens, libraries, theaters, concert halls and the other means for healthful recreation and innocent enjoyment which the inhabitants of more favored parts of the city have at their command. The houses are small and mean, the streets narrow.

Whole families live in two or three rooms, sometimes in but one. Social gatherings in gatherings in gatherings. were well filled with scholars. To give an idea of their scope, it may be mentioned that competent teachers instruct night chasses of over 3,000 pupils in reading, writing, arithmetic, bookkeeping, French, German, elocution, civil service (covering the examinations in every branch), stenography, ter and one concert hall are about the only places of amusement in Whitechapel. The museums and picture galleries are too far away to be enjoyed. The only pleasures of the people of that section must be gathered on the streets or at the bars of the public houses which abound in great numbera. Burely nowhere in the world was there a wider field for practical philanthropy than in East Lendon. Nor has it been neglected, for from the seed sown by Walter Besant, in the "Palace of Delight," which, in his novel, he puts into the heart of Angels Messenger, the heiress, to erect, has sprung the salutial building called the People's months' term. The average fee would be the palatial building called the People's months' term. The average fee would be public, the Drapers' Company have allow contributed \$300,000. It fronts on paratua, the chemical aboratory and phosphic maillion people, and when the vant rounds, with the pullared front and two tall

Mand Howe Gives Some Hints to

A PLEA FOR FRANKNESS IN GIRLS.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS TO BE AVOIDED

If the world is to know that Horace is courting Harriet, it is from Horace that the information must come. All men are not Orlandos, and even he might have been much annoyed if Rosalind and not himself had spread the news of his attentions over the trees of the forest.

Once Harrietahd Horace understand each other, all the rest is so easy. There is no advice so good as the two short words: Be happy! Avoid lovers' quarrels; even the blies of reconciliation does not quite wipe out the sting of sharp words given and returned. is passing through the fairyland of courtship would hardly be regarded by her, or by any young person in her position, and I hardly think my advice will be of any more value. But, as I have been asked to give it, and as one is always glad to talk with those most delightful people-lovers-I will very diffi-

last moment do not stand the test, are proven to be unblendable, and the marriage never takes place. Reserve in demeanor is, therefore, always to be borne in
mind.

Harriet by his side, and Harriet will be
none the worse for learning the lessons of
economy, for, as the Scripture saith:
"Better a dinner of herbs where love is,
than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

MAUD HOWE.

It is as well for a girl to bear this in mind,

your suitor and with your betrothed. If you are on the point of marrying from any other motive—ambition, pique, fear of being an old maid, or anxiety to provide yourself with a home, you need read no farther, for I have no advice to give you, except Punch's advice to those about to get married, "Don't." This lecture is only for true lovers, to no others doth it apply.

Perfect love easteth out fear. If you have a hot temper, a jealous nature, a tendency to dispute, do not conceal it from your lover, for he will be better able to forgive now than later. Of course you are an angel in his eyes, but all the same, if he be the good fellow he ought to be, he knows very well that girl-angels have plenty of faults.

SHE BIT THE BANISTER. Do not play the part of the girl with the

and said: "Don't you remember that I used to go out of the room from time to

"Well, I came out and bit the banisters!"

portant in establishing a normal and happy relation between a man and woman than that of frankness. With its help you will

Alongside this wall ran a DR. TALMAGE'S CELESTIAL DREAM. A Vision of a City Where Neither Poverty it was appropriately called Wall street. Short, narrow, unarchitectural, and yet unique in its history, and, excepting Lom-One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around me in tull bard street, London, the mightlest street in romp and hilarity and laughter, half swake the world. There the United States Govand half saleep, I dreamed this dream: I ernment was born. There Washington held was in a far country. And I wandered in his levees. There Mrs. Adams, and Mrs. the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place displayed their charms. There preached where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a manusoleum, or a monument, or a white slab was to be seen. And I went into the chapel negroes were sold in the slave mart. There

cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home,

criminals were lashed through the thorough tare behind carts to which they were

aim at than he had been at 25, when he first entered the district of Mammon. During the intervening quarter of a century he had risen in fortune to a speculative business of his own, and had dropped back to employment on a salary. His income was fully sufficient for comfortable support, and, away from the fever of Wall street, he might have been quietly content. But in the midst of the excitements of great and quick gains and losses, he was too sorry over his own failure of enrichment to be happy with his fair measure of success.

him.
"Well, a Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year to you, Morris," he said to his
deakmate, as they were making ready to

"I trust you're not in the sort of bother that almost spoiled Dickson's Christmas. How's that? Well, he got his accounts entangled. He knew he was houset, and yet he could not make his figures come out right and he talled at them day and sight

Mayne went from Wall street to a railroad Mayne went from Wall street to a railroad station to embark southward. The passengers were so numerous that, almost at the last minute, the additional cars were separated from the others, and the train went away in two sections. The extra traffic was caused by the departure of New Yorkers for the homes of relatives, where they would spend the holidays.

In one of the private compartments of a parlor car sat a wan and senciated woman, accompanied by a maid servant, and provides with all the purchasable comforts of trayel. But it was clear at a giance that the journey might carry out her life, so ill and frail did she look. She was Mrs. Blakniy, a midow, known to her sequaintances for

on Dickson's shoulder.
"You've caught me," the young man said.
"I will go back to New York with you, and

"I'm a defaulter—that's all," was the dogged reply.

The captor turned to Mayne, and whispered: "Don't worry him. He is temporarily insane—crazed by hard work, and laboring under a delusion that he has stolen money from the bank where he works. Today he got relieved of his strain, and a mental reaction erazed him. I am a physician and the bank president sent me to overtake and capture the poor fellow."

The whistie blew, and Mayne had to hurry into the train. In his berth he mused on the curious affair and could not fall asleep. He thought of the five thousand dollars, and coveted them; of the palpably dying owner, to whom they would not much longer be of use; of the absence of natural heirs, if what the cashier had said of her lamily isolation was true; of the



The Robber Unmasks Himself.

the Indy I saw you with is very sion.

She wasse you.

Mayne hastily dressed himself and went to Mrs. Blakely's private compartment. The distracted Nancy was supporting her mistress, but it was a lifeless form which she held. The woman was dead.

"It was the robber that killed her."

Nancy solbed; "he scared her so."

All that Mayne had thought about the matter now returned to his mind, and so condensedly that, in an instant, he realized that he might take the \$5,000 in safety.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW YEAR.

money."
"I'm glad to hear you preach so sensib

"Yes—no—that is, Wall, I have an new schemes for 1880."

"Houest ones, I trust."

"What makes you say that?"

"My dear fellow, you seem to take it question personally. I was born for preacher, you often tell me, and Wall six is full of texts. Remember that the m who gets his gain by juiquity will seen to it all. One moment after his departure in life he will not own a certificate of story.